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Original Poetry.

TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM HAZARD.

The twilight time had come that brings
To forest lone and ocean's hearth,
The first dark shadow from the wings
Of Night descending to the earth.

While day was mingling with the night,
Low in the sky there lingered yet
A long gray line of waning light,
Where, veiled by clouds, the sun had set.

Against the sunbeam's shadowy veil
Stood dark the bare boughs of a tree,
While glimmering light died on the sail
Of the lone ship far out at sea.

Along the leaves that shroud the breast
Of the cold earth, white and weeds sighed,
Long groaned that pale light in the West,
Then sunk the spreading darkness dead.

And then the twilight entered in
My heart, as with a cold and gray,
With memorial mementoes, that had been
Banished by presence of the day.

And like was darkened by the gloom
Descending from the shadowy sky,
I thought that the communion-flame
To-day, in order and to die.

Then heavily the moments came low,
All sickness was on hill and plain,
Through the darkness coming slow,
I thought that the communion-flame
Was on me in the light or shade,
As joy or sadness rose the heart.

Original Novelet.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER;

OR,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

The clergyman who officiated at the marriage of Mr. Faulding and Marion, was named Warwick. He was a man of fine intelligence, liberal feelings and a warm heart. Though past the meridian of life, and with his emotions schooled to submission by a well applied Christian philosophy, the sudden appearance of Appleton at the wedding party, accompanied by the interruption of the service, caused him to feel a deeper disturbance than he had known for years. At the conclusion of the rite, and after Marion had been carried, fainting, from the room, he drew aside Mr. Jasper, who still stood as a spectator on the occasion, and said to him, in an agitated voice—

"Who was that? Do you know it?"

"His name is Appleton. He is from P——, and is a former lover of Marion's."

"Have they been under engagement of marriage for years?"

"No. But——"

And Jasper then related, briefly, the particulars of their intimacy, and many portions of Appleton's history already known to the reader.

"Poor child! Poor child! A state of mental derangement," said Mr. Warwick, in a troubled voice, when Jasper closed his relation.

"The last you express is too well grounded,—Unhappy young man! How heavy a penalty is he paying for a single error!"

About, at night, in a strange place, and in his convalescence," said the clergyman. "The will not do. We must go after him and extend the protection that is due to an unhappy state."

"You are right, sir," responded Jasper, rising as he spoke. "Marion is cared for by her friends. Towards Appleton let all my thoughts be turned."

"You are a stranger in Belleville, as well as this unhappy young man," said the minister. "I will send some one there to find and you in the search. If you find him, take him to my house. As soon as I can be spared from this habitation of weeping sinners, I will return home and be ready to receive you."

Accompanied by three men, familiar with all the localities, Jasper started off immediately in search of Appleton. Since the sun went down in all the brilliancy of purple and gold, heavy clouds had risen in the West, and were spreading in black masses over the sky, hiding the stars, and veiling all below in thick darkness. From these clouds came forth, now and then, a gleam of lightning, succeeded by a distant jar of thunder.

First of all, enquiry was made for Appleton at the village tavern; but none there had seen a person such as was described. From thence they proceeded from house to house, but no one they met had either seen or heard of his presence in Belleville. They took the fields and roads they went after this, but returned, after a fruitless search of many hours.

It was past eleven o'clock at night, and the lowering clouds had begun to pour down a torrent of rain, accompanied by broad, intense flashes of lightning and the crash of thunder, when Mr. Warwick, who was pacing the floor of his little parlor, not much disturbed in mind, to think of retiring to bed, paused suddenly, and listened.—Something like the sound of a human voice had reached his ear amid the discordant roaring of the mad elements. After a few moments, as a heavy peal of thunder died away in distant mutterings, he distinctly heard the sound again. Quickly opening the door, he stepped back to confront with the darkness that hung as a thick veil before him. But he could perceive no object. He stood, however, only a few seconds before a human figure presented itself. It was that of a man. At a glance Mr. Warwick recognized Appleton, who was drenched with rain.

"Let me come in. I am wet and cold," said the young man, in a humble, pleading voice, crouching against the lintel of the door, and shrinking with fear as the vivid lightning blazed around him.

"Yes, yes. Come in quickly," replied Mr. Warwick, taking hold of him and drawing him within the door. Why did you remain out in this dreadful storm?"

"I was afraid they would kill me," said Appleton, looking fearfully around him. "I knew it was wrong. But I can't help it now. You won't tell them that I'm here. I stood and looked at you through the window, walking backwards and forwards, and, every time your face turned this way, I felt as if I must run to you, and will protect me.' But when your face was turned away, I felt afraid. You won't tell them that I am here, will you?"

"No—no—certainly not. I will protect you against every body," replied Mr. Warwick, meeting the humor of the unhappy young man, from the tyrone of whose mind reason had fallen.

By every mode in his power, the minister sought to quiet his agitation, and, in a little while, succeeded in doing so. Then he induced him to go up stairs and into one of the chambers, change his wet clothes for dry ones, and, finally, to go to bed. In a little while he was sleeping, though not soundly. He tossed himself about, moaned and talked incoherently. the placing his hand upon his forehead, he found his skin hot and dry. Fever had set in.

Through the greater part of the night, Mr. Warwick watched in the chamber of Appleton. On the next morning the young man was so ill, that a physician was called in. By this time his body was entirely prostrated, and he was insensible to all surrounding objects. He remained in this state for three or four days, passing through a dangerous crisis, and then suddenly regaining his lost senses and perceptions as has been seen.

During this time, Jasper called frequently to see Appleton, and had many conversations with the clergyman touching the peculiarities of his case. He left for P—— on the very day of his restoration to reason, and previous to the occurrence of that circumstance.

After the brief conversation between Mr. Warwick and Appleton, given at the close of the preceding chapter, the latter lay for a long time with closed eyes. Sometimes his lips moved, and sometimes there was a slight quivering of the limbs. Beyond this was no sign that his thoughts were active. Gradually an expression of tranquility settled upon his countenance; and as the twilight began to fall, Mr. Warwick perceived that he was calmly sleeping.

On the next morning when the clergyman called in to see Appleton, he found him with his mind clear and his feelings tranquil. In body, he remained very feeble. This favorable state continued. In a few days he was able to sit up, and soon after to walk about his room. At the end of another week he was so far recovered that he proposed to leave for home. Since the first sober view, not a word more had passed between him and the minister about the recent exciting circumstances.

"You are yet too weak, my young friend, to bear the fatigue of a journey," said Mr. Warwick, in reply to the proposition. "Remain where you are quietly for a little while longer."

"I cannot think of trespassing on you an hour longer than is absolutely necessary," replied Appleton. "Your kindness and true hospitality have saved my life, and I shall bear you in remembrance, with grateful emotions, while my heart has power to give a single pulsation."

"I have done nothing more than my duty, nor beyond what my feelings prompted," said Mr. Warwick. "But we will not talk of that. For the present, at least, you must remain here. Body and mind both need a longer period of rest in which to recover their strength."

Thus urged, Appleton consented for a few days longer beneath the hospitable roof of the minister, and then spoke again of leaving. Mr. Warwick opposed his doing so, as before.

"I can remain here no longer," said the young man, after nearly four weeks had elapsed. "It is wrong thus to trespass on the hospitality of a kind-hearted stranger."

"I have kept you here," replied Mr. Warwick, "in order that I might administer to your spiritual as well as to your natural well-being. I have much that I wish to say to you before leaving us, and I think you can now bear an allusion to the subject that has been on my mind. I know something of your history."

Appleton's eyes were fixed upon the minister; but no change was visible in his countenance.

"You doubtless understand me. Shall I go on?" said Mr. Warwick.

"I am ready to hear," calmly answered the young man.

"The subject may be too painful."

"Not if introduced by you."

"This present experience," said the minister, "is dependent, mainly, I have been told, on a serious error committed within the last two years. A error grounded in the natural impatience of the human heart to know the hidden secrets of the future. In a word, you sought to penetrate the veil that limits our view to the present."

"It is as you say," replied Appleton, without apparent reflection.

"You lifted your voice and cried into the future as you cried, and there came back a feeble echo."

"And that echo I believed to be the voice of an oracle."

"Do you believe it now?"

"Ah, sir! I was most cruelly deceived!" said Appleton, for the first time showing signs of feeling. "Cruelly deceived."

"Self-deceived. Is not that the real truth?"

"Perhaps so. Yes, yes; self-deceived."

"The future is merely hidden by the Eternal Having made us, He loves us, and seeks our good. In love, therefore, He veils the future. A knowledge of coming events, whether good or evil, would take away our power in the present, shackle our motives, sunk knowledge as not given. You can understand this from self-experience. How were all the active energies of your mind paralyzed, even under an imaginary foreknowledge. What you desired as life's greatest good, you believed you would gain. From the moment you felt this to be certain, all present action upon which the future depends, ceased. Was it not so?"

"Yes—yes."

"From the day you sought the old Astrologer, you may date the beginning of your unhappiness."

"Ah, if I had never seen him," said Appleton, in a mournful voice.

"You turned aside into forbidden paths, and your feet were wounded with thorns."

"If foreknowledge to man be an evil, Mr. Warwick, why are any permitted to penetrate the future?"

"This power is given to no mortal, my friend."

"Is it not possible to read nativities in the stars? Many learned and good men have believed in Astrology."

"No wise man ever had faith in this pretended science. Men are too much in some human knowledge, too often grounded in the pride of opinion or the conceit of superior intelligence, may have put faith in astral influences. But he who has power to think abstractly—who has even the smallest portion of spiritual intelligence, must see that inert bodies of matter, moving in space, and governed by merely physical laws, cannot have any relation whatever to the soul of man, which is a spiritual substance, governed by spiritual laws, and looking to a spiritual destiny."

"And yet many authentic instances are on record, in which, by means of the stars, the future events in a man's life have been foretold."

"All things," said Mr. Warwick, "are over ruled by a wise Providence for man's good. No one, except his mind be in some darkness, will deliberately seek, by means of Fortune-Tellers and Astrologers, to read the future. To such as do inquire, certain answers may be given—though not from a power in the pretended seer to read the Book of Fate—which, in the end, will prove to be true. Such a coincidence must persons would call accidental. I give it a higher name. It is Providential, and designed, in some way, to lift the individual above things merely sensual. It is not, however, the easiest road to wisdom—that true wisdom which elevates and saves man from their evils. No—it is a rough and thorny way, tool with bleeding feet."

"Alas! have I not proved the truth of that saying," replied Appleton. "If I had only been content to do my work faithfully and patiently in the present, trusting that all would come out right in the end, how much happier would I be this day; and what a light would come through the veil of the future, showing me that the sun was there! Now, all is darkness."

"That statement, Mr. Appleton," said the minister, "proves the wisdom and goodness of Providence, which even out of evil educes good. Your errors, or, I will say, the reaction upon your senses, has been the means of opening your mind intensely, so that it can see a truth of the first importance to man. Out of your sufferings, I trust you will come purified—a stunt and a better man; and if wiser and better, happier."

"Happier!" exclaimed the young man, quickly. "Happier! No, Mr. Warwick!—that is impossible. I will not believe it."

"It is only through a knowledge of the truth that we arrive at happiness," said the minister. "There is no other way. But truth in the understanding alone does not produce this desirable state; it is truth made a principle of life. With false views of Providence, you could not have been really happy under any circumstances. Now, your clearer perception of Divine laws and human actions, if made practical in your future conduct, will bring a peace that passeth all understanding. I know what I say to be true. I have lived many years, and have suffered much. Like you, earlier a life I committed mistakes, and the pain flowing from them was agonizing. But all came that I might go up higher, and look around me from a more elevated position. My lesson, like yours, was hard to learn; but when at length I knew it by heart, I found it to be a lesson of intense wisdom."

"And my lesson!" said Appleton, lifting his eyes to the countenance of the minister, that seemed to glow with light; "who am I to under stand it? Let a hard lesson be the beginning."

"If we live what we know, we open our minds to the influx of truth," replied Mr. Warwick.

"I do not clearly see your meaning."

"Persons, in the present, faithfully, the work your hands find to do, because it is right to be employed in some useful way, find their reward in the bringing you within the orderly sphere of God's Providence towards His creatures, and in the way of receiving light."

"I now perceive your meaning, dimly," replied Appleton. "But, in this life, is no high or mighty cannot comprehend it fully."

"You will, I trust, in time. For all trouble and affliction, there is but one genuine panacea, and that is useful work. If you would have rejoicings present pain, use that panacea, and use it daily."

"Work! work!" said the young man, as if he did not comprehend what was meant.

"By work, I mean useful employment. Positive duties, in its infinite regard for man's well-being as so arranged society that the whole machine is sustained by the parts, while the parts subsist from the whole. Each individual helps to sustain the general order of human society, while he is held in his place and reciprocally sustained by the harmonious effects of the common action around him. It is, therefore, into the uses of society that the Divine principle of life flows; and, whoever obeys the true use finds, faithfully performed, there comes within the sphere of this Divine life, and that sphere, which is an effort to save from evil and elevate into all that is pure, good and holy, affects the mind with inward peace and tranquility. It is by this means that even men, whose acts are full of evil to themselves, are in states of contentment, and even good feeling for those around them, while usefully employed; for, they are then co-workers with the love for Providence, and receive the reward of their labor in the way of great truth, my young friend. Lay it up in your heart, and rest upon it. It will be to you like dew to the parched ground; like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Here rest your anchor when clouds are in the sky, and the fiery dart is sweeping towards the breakers; cast it here, and you will ride in safety."

Appleton sat with his head bent towards the speaker and his eyes upon the ground, listening intently.

"Forgive my freedom and plainness of speech," said Mr. Warwick, after a pause. "It is because I feel concern for your welfare that I venture to say what I do."

"Your kindness I can never forget," replied Appleton, with emotion. "It saved my life. And, now that you go still further, and seek to impart a knowledge of those true principles by which men attain happiness, shall I be hurt by any plainness of speech? Oh, no, sir! For what you have said, I thank you most sincerely. It points me to past errors, while it throws a light upon the future. For a year, my mind has been tossing from billow to billow, like a vessel without helm, compass, or anchor. No wonder that I was driven far away from the true latitude. Useful employment! Yes, yes; I feel that you are right."

"Engage earnestly in some calling—prosecute some study with an end to embrace and useful-ness in a profession," said Mr. Warwick, "and this will interest your mind and keep it from prying into forbidden things."

"Nothing else will sustain me. Deeply do I feel that," replied the young man.

"You were engaged in the study of medicine, I believe?"

"I was," replied Appleton.

"Do you like the profession?"

"Yes, better than any other."

"Then let me advise you, by all means, to resume it on your return to P——. It is a calling in which you may render most important service to your fellow-men, and society has a claim upon you for this service. For every comfort you enjoy are you indebted to the labor of others, and shall you not give back to the common stock the product of your own peculiar ability?"

"My dear sir," replied Appleton, grasping the hand of the minister, "you are pouring a flood of light upon my mind. Ah, if I could have seen all this a year ago as clearly as I see it now, how different would all have been!"

"You erred, and have suffered deeply for your error; but you are still young. Time heals the deepest wounds. Look not back upon the past. Spend no time in vain regrets; but perform diligently, in the present, the work your hands find to do, and all will be well in the future."

"The future!" sighed Appleton. "Ah! how gloomy is all beside me!"

"Right action in the present," replied Mr. Warwick, "is putting oil in the lamp whose light is to gild the future."

"I believe this; but ah! to make belief a practical principle. There lies the difficulty."

"Yes, that is the aspect of all self-experience. But it is more an imaginary difficulty than a real one. Make the first effort, and after that, like the continued action of machinery, all will move on at an expenditure of force comparatively small."

"With so much at stake, I must compel myself to act from reason's dictate," said Appleton.

"It is only by self-compulsion that any one acts right in the beginning. So, all our natural tendencies are too evil, and it requires, often a strong effort to control the current of these tendencies. But, when the current begins to set the other way, how great the reward that is given. Do not despair, my young friend, but use the means of light and strength that are given you, and you are doing well. Ah, if I could only quiet the feverish pulse-tumult of my heart! If I could only forget!" sighed the young man.

"True forgetfulness, in which there is a real rest of mind, is not for you, nor I, nor any one already sad, while engaged in some useful employment. Do not forget this."

"I will try to keep it ever in remembrance."

"Do so; and, as you move on in life, you will find the rough way becoming plainer and the crooked path straight," was the earnestly spoken reply of the minister.

CHAPTER XII.

Appleton remained a few days longer under the hospitable roof of Mr. Warwick, who sought in every way to fill his mind with correct principles in order that he might stand, well sustained, as he spoke, when he left the shelter into the world. Then he returned to P——, as changed in appearance from what he was when he left, that his friends hardly knew him.

The loss of Marion took away the eager desire he had had to gain his end against the Fortune-Teller. He had an income, sufficient, with strict economy, to meet his expenses, and, as he now looked forward with no ardent anticipations, he was less anxious about the result. The tendency of his feelings was to sink down into a passive, gloomy state—to sit and brood idly over the wreck of his fondest hopes in life. But, the truth so earnestly and clearly presented to him by Mr. Warwick came to save him. He saw that he ay! I must be active. I must be moderate. He liberately he resolved to begin again the study of his profession, and to prosecute it diligently to the end. But, in order to do this, it would be necessary to remove to another city, for, to remain where he was liable, every day, to come in contact with Marion, would be risking too much. It he would forget her, he must not see her. To this end, after making all necessary arrangements with his counsel for prosecuting his suit to a final issue, he returned to Baltimore and entered the office of a physician there as a student.

After the long diversion of his thoughts and late wild excitement of his feelings, Appleton found the task of study a difficult, nay, almost an impossible one. With the aspect of his affairs, however, in a more favorable light, and his mind relieved from the fearful pressure of suspense, he soon began to be steady. He had two purposes in view, clearly defined: and his young ambition had died away. The only being on earth whom he felt that he could love was the bride of another; what was there to warm into life the ardent impulses of his nature?

Still, at times, his thoughts reverted to the words of wisdom uttered by Mr. Warwick, and, in the anguish of his mind, he was driven to let them rule his conduct. As an antidote to mental pain, to gave, for a time, a fevered application to books, and, gradually, he found an interest in medical science was again awakened. It so happened that his preceptor held the office of professor of chemistry in one of the medical colleges, and as the winter course of lectures was in progress when Appleton entered his office, he frequently engaged his assistance in making experiments in his own laboratory. In these experiments Appleton soon became interested, and, before the spring opened, was pursuing them with some eagerness.

This sustained him from the beginning, and kept his mind in a just equipoise.

While in the office among his books, in the laboratory or lecture room, Appleton's feelings were tranquil; but, when his thoughts turned from his profession, gloom settled over all. He could not banish the image of Marion from his heart; he could not hide her face from view, alive as he would.

Time went on, and Appleton completed his course of studies and received a diploma. This was two years after his removal to Baltimore. Up to that time he had lived a solitary life, resisting all the efforts of the few friends he made to draw him into society. Now, for the first time, greatly to his surprise, the suit against the Mercer estate, which had been carried to the court of last resort, terminated in his favor. He did not recover the whole amount claimed; but was entirely satisfied with an award of forty thousand dollars.

On coming into possession of this large amount of property, Appleton determined to go abroad for a few years instead of commencing the practice of medicine as he had purposed; and the determination was one that was characterized by the wisdom of action which, through all the previous fitful years, had moved constantly over his heart. But now, the light consolation was swept away, and the waters were heaving again in strong undulations, though not as before, beneath a midnight sky. The sun had shines, and light was flashing back from every crest that lifted itself in the air.

A month from this time, Mrs. Faulding, who had passed through the period of mourning for her husband, and laid aside the weeds of widowhood, was sitting in the vine-covered portico of her father's house in Belleville, gazing upon a sky as brilliant in its sunset glory as that which marked the evening of her marriage. But how different were her thoughts and feelings! After the death of Mr. Faulding, the image of her first love, over which she had thrown a veil, came more into view, and she could look upon it without a shudder of concealment. As it was she saw, and now that image was ever distinctly present.

As she sat gazing into the brilliant West, her mind was more than usually occupied with thoughts of Appleton. Some years had passed since his sudden departure for Europe after the meeting at Bedford Springs, and was not mistaken as to the reason. Since that time she had not heard of him. He might be dead; or he might be living happily in some distant one who had been driven from her by the force of circumstances, and the determination was irrevocable.

Two years he remained in Europe, and then returned to Baltimore. No marked change was visible in his appearance. His face was thin and pale as when he left, his brow thoughtful, and there was about him a gravity, almost sadness. He did not go before, however, to throw himself out from society, but entered the social and family circle wherever opportunities of introduction were presented. To his hostess, who had taken a deep interest in the young man, and sought to interest him in society, many young ladies, and at length an interest was awakened in his feelings for one, a Miss Everett. Perhaps the reason why he was attracted to her more than to others was the fact that, in many features of her face, she resembled Marion. There was something in her face, but more particularly in the tones of her voice that awakened a thought of Marion. By slow degrees her image began to fill itself in his mind, and to hide that of her he had so long idolized. When he looked into her thoughts, he sought her company more and more frequently, and in every interview felt the gradual kindling of a warmer interest.

Such was the state of his feelings when he visited the Bedford Springs, and met Marion by the presence of Caroline Everett. His meeting there with Marion has already been mentioned. Its effect upon his feelings was less strongly marked, only by visible emotion than the effect upon Marion. This was because he experienced a greater self-control. Internally the agitation was, if any thing, greater.

Miss Everett marked, in utter astonishment, the effect produced upon Appleton and Mrs. Faulding. Before she had recovered from this state of mute surprise, the young man said—

"Excuse me, if you please," and, turning from her, went hurriedly to his room. Soon after, without communicating to any one his design, he left for Baltimore in the private conveyance by which he had come up to Bedford. When Miss Everett returned home, two weeks afterwards, she learned, with a feeling of pain, that Appleton had gone back to Europe.

CHAPTER XIII.

Five years more have passed.

In the office of the United States Legation in Paris, sat a man about thirty-five years of age, poring over papers before him. Though he turned leaf after leaf, and let his eyes run over columns after column, yet he did not appear to be in search of any definite item of intelligence. Suddenly his attention was attracted, and he bent eagerly down, and read—

"Died, in this city, on the 2nd inst., James Faulding, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He leaves a widow, but no children."

Relieving quickly to the date of the paper containing this announcement, he found that the event recorded took place in P——, more than a year before. Then sinking his face with his hand, to prevent observation, he sat in deep reverie for many minutes. Rising, at length, he retired from the office, still in a state of abstraction, and went slowly back to his lodgings.

The man was Dorlon Appleton. For the greater part of the preceding five years he had resided in Paris, leading a solitary life, and spending most of his time in scientific investigations. During that period, the surface of his feelings had hardened, and he was undisturbed by the waves of emotion which, through all the previous fifty years, had moved constantly over his heart. But now, the light consolation was swept away, and the waters were heaving again in strong undulations, though not as before, beneath a midnight sky. The sun had shines, and light was flashing back from every crest that lifted itself in the air.

A month from this time, Mrs. Faulding, who

ARNOLD'S TREASON.

A REPRESENTATION OF THE FIGURES EXHIBITED AND PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA, ON SATURDAY, THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1780.

Some kind friend has sent us an old engraving, of which the above is an accurate copy, representing a scene which took place in the streets of this city, on the 30th of September, 1780—about a week after the discovery of Arnold's treason. The engraving was evidently made at the time, as is shown by its quaintly. The picture sent us is on a whitish-brown paper, stained with age. An intelligent engraver of this city, believes that the cut in question is the production of the first Wood-engraver ever in the country. He says that Congress engaged an Englishman in New York—the only engraver in the country at that time—to come to Philadelphia, and engrave the blocks for the Continental Currency. The plate notes in one before that period, had simply been printed from type—by this person the above was probably executed.

Accompanying the picture is the following description of it, which is printed in old type, the s's looking like f's, &c.

It may be well to remark that the separate figures are designed to represent certain persons therefrom was egotizing. But all came that I might go up higher, and look around me from a more elevated position. My lesson, like yours, was hard to learn; but when at length I knew it by heart, I found it to be a lesson of intense wisdom."

"And my lesson!" said Appleton, lifting his eyes to the countenance of the minister, that seemed to glow with light; "who am I to under stand it? Let a hard lesson be the beginning."

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"Work! work!" said the young man, as if he did not comprehend what was meant.

"By work, I mean useful employment. Positive duties, in its infinite regard for man's well-being as so arranged society that the whole machine is sustained by the parts, while the parts subsist from the whole. Each individual helps to sustain the general order of human society, while he is held in his place and reciprocally sustained by the harmonious effects of the common action around him. It is, therefore, into the uses of society that the Divine principle of life flows; and, whoever obeys the true use finds, faithfully performed, there comes within the sphere of this Divine life, and that sphere, which is an effort to save from evil and elevate into all that is pure, good and holy, affects the mind with inward peace and tranquility. It is by this means that even men, whose acts are full of evil to themselves, are in states of contentment, and even good feeling for those around them, while usefully employed; for, they are then co-workers with the love for Providence, and receive the reward of their labor in the way of great truth, my young friend. Lay it up in your heart, and rest upon it. It will be to you like dew to the parched ground; like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Here cast your anchor when clouds are in the sky, and the fiery dart is sweeping towards the breakers; cast it here, and you will ride in safety."

Appleton sat with his head bent towards the speaker and his eyes upon the ground, listening intently.

"Forgive my freedom and plainness of speech," said Mr. Warwick, after a pause. "It is because I feel concern for your welfare that I venture to say what I do."

"Your kindness I can never forget," replied Appleton, with emotion. "It saved my life. And, now that you go still further, and seek to impart a knowledge of those true principles by which men attain happiness, shall I be hurt by any plainness of speech? Oh, no, sir! For what you have said, I thank you most sincerely. It points me to past errors, while it throws a light upon the future. For a year, my mind has been tossing from billow to billow, like a vessel without helm, compass, or anchor. No wonder that I was driven far away from the true latitude. Useful employment! Yes, yes; I feel that you are right."

"Engage earnestly in some calling—prosecute some study with an end to embrace and useful-ness in a profession," said Mr. Warwick, "and this will interest your mind and keep it from prying into forbidden things."

"Nothing else will sustain me. Deeply do I feel that," replied the young man.

"You were engaged in the study of medicine, I believe?"

"I was," replied Appleton.

"Do you like the profession?"

"Yes, better than any other."

"Then let me advise you, by all means, to resume it on your return to P——. It is a calling in which you may render most important service to your fellow-men, and society has a claim upon you for this service. For every comfort you enjoy are you indebted to the labor of others, and shall you not give back to the common stock the product of your own peculiar ability?"

"My dear sir," replied Appleton, grasping the hand of the minister, "you are pouring a flood of light upon my mind. Ah, if I could have seen all this a year ago as clearly as I see it now, how different would all have been!"

"You erred, and have suffered deeply for your error; but you are still young. Time heals the deepest wounds. Look not back upon the past. Spend no time in vain regrets; but perform diligently, in the present, the work your hands find to do, and all will be well in the future."

"The future!" sighed Appleton. "Ah! how gloomy is all beside me!"

"Right action in the present," replied Mr. Warwick, "is putting oil in the lamp whose light is to gild the future."

"I believe this; but ah! to make belief a practical principle. There lies the difficulty."

"Yes, that is the aspect of all self-experience. But it is more an imaginary difficulty than a real one. Make the first effort, and after that, like the continued action of machinery, all will move on at an expenditure of force comparatively small."

"With so much at stake, I must compel myself to act from reason's dictate," said Appleton.

"It is only by self-compulsion that any one acts right in the beginning. So, all our natural tendencies are too evil, and it requires, often a strong effort to control the current of these tendencies. But, when the current begins to set the other way, how great the reward that is given. Do not despair, my young friend, but use the means of light and strength that are given you, and you are doing well. Ah, if I could only quiet the feverish pulse-tumult of my heart! If I could only forget!" sighed the young man.

"True forgetfulness, in which there is a real rest of mind, is not for you, nor I, nor any one already sad, while engaged in some useful employment. Do not forget this."

"I will try to keep it ever in remembrance."

"Do so; and, as you move on in life, you will find the rough way becoming plainer and the crooked path straight," was the earnestly spoken reply of the minister.

CHAPTER XII.

Appleton remained a few days longer under the hospitable roof of Mr. Warwick, who sought in every way to fill his mind with correct principles in order that he might stand, well sustained, as he spoke, when he left the shelter into the world. Then he returned to P——, as changed in appearance from what he was when he left, that his friends hardly knew him.

The loss of Marion took away the eager desire he had had to gain his end against the Fortune-Teller. He had an income, sufficient, with strict economy, to meet his expenses, and, as he now looked forward with no ardent anticipations, he was less anxious about the result. The tendency of his feelings was to sink down into a passive, gloomy state—to sit and brood idly over the wreck of his fondest hopes in life. But, the truth so earnestly and clearly presented to him by Mr. Warwick came to save him. He saw that he ay! I must be active. I must be moderate. He liberately he resolved to begin again the study of his profession, and to prosecute it diligently to the end. But, in order to do this, it would be necessary to remove to another city, for, to remain where he was liable, every day, to come in contact with Marion, would be risking too much. It he would forget her, he must not see her. To this end, after making all necessary arrangements with his counsel for prosecuting his suit to a final issue, he returned to Baltimore and entered the office of a physician there as a student.

After the long diversion of his thoughts and late wild excitement of his feelings, Appleton found the task of study a difficult, nay, almost an impossible one. With the aspect of his affairs, however, in a more favorable light, and his mind relieved from the fearful pressure of suspense, he soon began to be steady. He had two purposes in view, clearly defined: and his young ambition had died away. The only being on earth whom he felt that he could love was the bride of another; what was there to warm into life the ardent impulses of his nature?

Still, at times, his thoughts reverted to the words of wisdom uttered by Mr. Warwick, and, in the anguish of his mind, he was driven to let them rule his conduct. As an antidote to mental pain, to gave, for a time, a fevered application to books, and, gradually, he found an interest in medical science was again awakened. It so happened that his preceptor held the office of professor of chemistry in one of the medical colleges, and as the winter course of lectures was in progress when Appleton entered his office, he frequently engaged his assistance in making experiments in his own laboratory. In these experiments Appleton soon became interested, and, before the spring opened, was pursuing them with some eagerness.

This sustained him from the beginning, and kept his mind in a just equipoise.

While in the office among his books, in the laboratory or lecture room, Appleton's feelings were tranquil; but, when his thoughts turned from his profession, gloom settled over all. He could not banish the image of Marion from his heart; he could not hide her face from view, alive as he would.

Time went on, and Appleton completed his course of studies and received a diploma. This was two years after his removal to Baltimore. Up to that time he had lived a solitary life, resisting all the efforts of the few friends he made to draw him into society. Now, for the first time, greatly to his surprise, the suit against the Mercer estate, which had been carried to the court of last resort, terminated in his favor. He did not recover the whole amount claimed; but was entirely satisfied with an award of forty thousand dollars.

On coming into possession of this large amount of property, Appleton determined to go abroad for a few years instead of commencing the practice of medicine as he had purposed; and the determination was one that was characterized by the wisdom of action which, through all the previous fifty years, had moved constantly over his heart. But now, the light consolation was swept away, and the waters were heaving again in strong undulations, though not as before, beneath a midnight sky. The sun had shines, and light was flashing back from every crest that lifted itself in the air.

A month from this time, Mrs. Faulding, who had passed through the period of mourning for her husband, and laid aside the weeds of widowhood, was sitting in the vine-covered portico of her father's house in Belleville, gazing upon a sky as brilliant in its sunset glory as that which marked the evening of her marriage. But how different were her thoughts and feelings! After the death of Mr. Faulding, the image of her first love, over which she had thrown a veil, came more into view, and she could look upon it without a shudder of concealment. As it was she saw, and now that image was ever distinctly present.

As she sat gazing into the brilliant West, her mind was more than usually occupied with thoughts of Appleton. Some years had passed since his sudden departure for Europe after the meeting at Bedford Springs, and was not mistaken as to the reason. Since that time she had not heard of him. He might be dead; or he might be living happily in some distant one who had been driven from her by the force of circumstances, and the determination was irrevocable.

Two years he remained in Europe, and then returned to Baltimore. No marked change was visible in his appearance. His face was thin and pale as when he left, his brow thoughtful, and there was about him a gravity, almost sadness. He did not go before, however, to throw himself out from society, but entered the social and family circle wherever opportunities of introduction were presented. To his hostess, who had taken a deep interest in the young man, and sought to interest him in society, many young ladies, and at length an interest was awakened in his feelings for one, a Miss Everett. Perhaps the reason why he was attracted to her more than to others was the fact that, in many features of her face, she resembled Marion. There was something in her face, but more particularly in the tones of her voice that awakened a thought of Marion. By slow degrees her image began to fill itself in his mind, and to hide that of her he had so long idolized. When he looked into her thoughts, he sought her company more and more frequently, and in every interview felt the gradual kindling of a warmer interest.

Such was the state of his feelings when he visited the Bedford Springs, and met Marion by the presence of Caroline Everett. His meeting there with Marion has already been mentioned. Its effect upon his feelings was less strongly marked, only by visible emotion than the effect upon Marion. This was because he experienced a greater self-control. Internally the agitation was, if any thing, greater.

Miss Everett marked, in utter astonishment, the effect produced upon Appleton and Mrs. Faulding. Before she had recovered from this state of mute surprise, the young man said—

"Excuse me, if you please," and, turning from her, went hurriedly to his room. Soon after, without communicating to any one his design, he left for Baltimore in the private conveyance by which he had come up to Bedford. When Miss Everett returned home, two weeks afterwards, she learned, with a feeling of pain, that Appleton had gone back to Europe.

CHAPTER XIII.

Five years more have passed.

In the office of the United States Legation in Paris, sat a man about thirty-five years of age, poring over papers before him. Though he turned leaf after leaf, and let his eyes run over columns after column, yet he did not appear to be in search of any definite item of intelligence. Suddenly his attention was attracted, and he bent eagerly down, and read—

"Died, in this city, on the 2nd inst., James Faulding, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He leaves a widow, but no children."

Relieving quickly to the date of the paper containing this announcement, he found that the event recorded took place in P——, more than a year before. Then sinking his face with his hand, to prevent observation, he sat in deep reverie for many minutes. Rising, at length, he retired from the office, still in a state of abstraction, and went slowly back to his lodgings.

The man was Dorlon Appleton. For the greater part of the preceding five years he had resided in Paris, leading a solitary life, and spending most of his time in scientific investigations. During that period, the surface of his feelings had hardened, and he was undisturbed by the waves of emotion which, through all the previous fifty years, had moved constantly over his heart. But now, the light consolation was swept away, and the waters were heaving again in strong undulations, though not as before, beneath a midnight sky. The sun had shines, and light was flashing back from every crest that lifted itself in the air.

A month from this time, Mrs. Faulding, who

Some kind friend has sent us an old engraving, of which the above is an accurate copy, representing a scene which took place in the streets of this city, on the 30th of September, 1780—about a week after the discovery of Arnold's treason. The engraving was evidently made at the time, as is shown by its quaintly. The picture sent us is on a whitish-brown paper, stained with age. An intelligent engraver of this city, believes that the cut in question is the production of the first Wood-engraver ever in the country. He says that Congress engaged an Englishman in New York—the only engraver in the country at that time—to come to Philadelphia, and engrave the blocks for the Continental Currency. The plate notes in one before that period, had simply been printed from type—by this person the above was probably executed.

Accompanying the picture is the following description of it, which is printed in old type, the s's looking like f's, &c.

It may be well to remark that the separate figures are designed to represent certain persons

"DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGURES.

"A stage raised on the body of a cart, on which was an effigy of General ARNOLD sitting; this was dressed in regimentals, had two faces, emblematical of his traitorous conduct; a mask in his left hand, and a letter in his right from Beelzebub, telling him that he had done all the mischief he could do, and now he must hang himself.

"At the back of the General was a figure of the Devil, dressed in black robes, staking a purse of money at the General's left ear, and in his right hand a pitchfork, ready to drive him into hell as the reward due for the many crimes which the thirst of gold had made him commit.

"In the front of the stage and before General Arnold, was placed a large facsimile of transparent paper, with the consequences of his crimes thus delineated, viz: on one part, General Arnold on his knees before the Devil, who is pulling him into the flames—a label from the General's mouth, with these words, 'My dear Sir, I have served you faithfully,' to which the Devil replies, 'And I'll reward you.'" On another side, two

New Discoveries.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

We take the following letter in relation to the alleged discovery by Henry M. Paine of an Electric Light from the "*Sciencific American*:"

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, &c.

During the winter of 1844-5, the late Col. Bomford, of the Ordnance Department, and myself were engaged in some experiments, having for their object the precipitation of silex (in solution) by the action of electricity; it being expected that glass so formed would be very dense, and consequently possess a high refractory power. During the course of experiments I became satisfied that so long as the whole body of water around the poles remained a conductive or diffusive medium, the action of the passing currents would be limited, and the results desired unattainable.—With this view of the subject I sought for some method by which the atoms of water in contact with the poles, could be effectually barred from communication with any conductive substance, and yet admit of a continual supply of the water to be decomposed.

Believing in the doctrine of imponderability and immateriality of the electric fluid, all efforts to accomplish the desired result failed, and the experiment was about to be abandoned, when a doubt as to the truth of the books, on the question of the nature of electricity arising in my mind, and on the faint hope held forth, the experiments were renewed, and the result more than realized the most sanguine expectations; for not only was the conclusion of the water perfect, and the decomposition final, but the electric fluid was found to be susceptible of accumulation and condensation to an unlimited degree. The ease and rapidity with which the water was resolved into its component gases, naturally suggested the idea of applying the discovery to some practical use, and that of light was selected, as the most simple and inexpensive in its application. But on the very threshold of the experiment an apparently insurmountable obstacle was met in the inability to separate the gases. After a number of serious explosions, the entreaties of my family compelled me to desist.

Although the practical experiments were abandoned, the mental action on the subject was not, and during some time in the Fall of 1849, I concluded that the law which demanded an aqueous communication between the poles, or that the positive and negative poles should both enter one body of water was not correct—a conclusion which a very simple experiment decided to be correct. One pole was inserted into a glass of water in the corner of a large room, and the other pole in an another glass in the opposite corner, and an electrical communication made between. All the water in one glass was decomposed, and the hydrogen only obtained. The result was known, the experiment was considered fully successful, and a small electro-magnetic apparatus, having its helices kept in motion by clock work put in operation at my dwelling, and was found capable of supplying three burners with an abundance of the gases. It was at this period of the experiments that I issued the circular announcing the discovery, and with it an invitation to the citizens of this place to call and examine for themselves.

In the Spring of 1849, a light-house was erected on an eminence, near this city, and the experiment tried on a large scale for several months, at the light-house, besides lighting of a store in the city, the results being entirely successful in both places, and fully justifying the assertions made in the circular of announcement. And here I wish it to be understood, that this must not be considered a mere statement of mine, but the history of what is familiar to all, whose appreciation of the discovery was sufficient to prompt them to visit my tower or dwelling. The experiments at the light-house continued until September, when an explosion occurred which cast a concussion of lamp upon the bright prospects of the discovery. This explosion was not due as intimated by "Carbureted Hydrogen," to the expansive nature of the gases, but to an entirely different cause—one peculiar to the construction and action of the instrument under consideration.—That state or action of electricity known as Galvanism, produces decomposition, while that known as intensity, causes repulsion to take place at the electrodes, and deflagration of the decomposing cells is the consequent result. It was in the latter action that the explosion occurred to which the gases being fired by the melting electrode.

The realizing of the possibility of such an accident made it apparent that some method should be devised, other than that of personal observance, to prevent such explosions in future. The same agent that caused the danger must be made to remove it. This was no easy task, for, independent of the natural difficulty in the case, the person was teeming with scurrilous invention: the only difference in whose tones was, that one asserted impossibility—to contempt as a humbug, and another to confinement as a lunatic. It is well, however, for the cause of science, that inventors are generally stubborn beings, firmly believing that they are able to perform all they promise, against all the sneers or contempt that may be brought to bear against them; and so in this case, perhaps, the "captious" feeling saved the invention, for the difficulty was overcome, and the apparatus made to govern itself, by the breaking of its circuits when a surcharge is passing.

It has required the labor of months to accomplish this last mentioned part of the invention, and although at the period of writing this, the danger of an explosion is entirely removed, yet the last experiments made for the breaking of its circuits are deemed adverse to the successful introduction of the invention to the public, but it is confidently expected that even this difficulty will be overcome in the course of a few days. Meantime the actions in the Patent office in the first subject of inspection at my rooms in the Exchange—nothing being screened but the interior of the helices and electrodes. The whole process of the decomposition can be seen, and if necessary, tested. The result of all experiments up to this date are as follows:

The descent of weight 67 lbs. a distance of 1 foot, will generate 900 cubic feet of the gases, at no other expense than the interest of the cost of the apparatus, say $.500. You may use the gases for light, power, or purposes of caloric. (I have as yet experimented only with the former,) and make your own deductions.

I receive many letters from your readers, asking what I claim as my invention; permit me here to reply, that I claim to have discovered a new principle in electricity, viz.: pondermotivity, materiality, and obedience to the laws of gravitation. I claim to be the first to accumulate and compress the electric fluid; and I claim to have invented a machine or apparatus which enables me to use the electric fluid for useful purposes in the arts and sciences, at no other cost than the interest of its price.

HENRY M. PAINE

Worcester, March 7, 1850.

Clippings.

☞ A New Yorker recently purchased, in Michigan, 3,000 prairie chickens, weighing about two pounds each, at five cents apiece, and packed them for the New York market.

☞ A "gentleman" is in training for a prize fight, in Albany. To increase his muscle, he holds himself out by the collar an hour every day.

☞ The English papers confirm the statement, that the only daughter of the Rev. P. Brontë, incumbent of Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire is the "Currer Bell" who has astonished the world of light reading by her "Jane Eyre," etc.

☞ A lump of gold was received in New York on Saturday per steamer Georgia, by a Mr. Newart, which is said to be worth $6,,ooo.

☞ The value of diamonds is measured by the carat of four grains, the single carat being worth $40, two carats $80, three $160, and so on. A diamond of one hundred carats is worth $160,000.

☞ The Legislature of Kentucky have passed a bill giving the Chancellor of Louisville jurisdiction to entertain a bill for a divorce on the part of Sallie W. Lawrence, against her husband, Timothy B. Lawrence, of Boston.

☞ Young persons should, above all things, be aware of beginnings, and by no means parley with emptations; greatest security is in flight, and it be study to avoid all occasions of evil, for the cockatrice, which may be easily crushed in the egg, if suffered to latch and grow up, will prove a deadly serpent, hard to be destroyed.

☞ "Always be prepared for death." This was the admonition of a Missouri rider, as he placed in his son's bed two bowie-knives and a pair of revolvers.

☞ Speaking of the folly of trying to correct the infirmities of those we love, Fielding beautifully remarks that the truest composition of human nature, as well as the surest choice, may have a flaw in it; and that, in either case, as equally inevitable; yet the pattern may remain of the highest value.

☞ Many years ago, when we "published" in the country, a raw-looking bumpkin from "some where up in the woods," poked his face into our office, one day, and inquired of our devil, why Jack Downing didn't spell better? "A feller is ignorant as that," said he, with some warmth, "he had ought to know better than to rite for the papers."—*Exchange.*

☞ They talk of giving the Mississippi River another mouth—one into Lake Pontchartrain, back of New Orleans.

☞ It is stated that two officers of the British 39th regiment are under arrest for having "maliciously ill-treated" the statue of George the Second, which stands in the centre of the citadel of Plymouth.

☞ Rogers's Adjutant.—"If I don't get that man's money, somebody else will, therefore I'll rob him."

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our gummery, and 'mouth the eaves,
Busy'd to make's nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

They after day she toiled
With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, oh, man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on.

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will erect themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the so-large paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. tf

OUR NOVELETS.

We complete in this number, T. S. Arthur's very interesting and instructive story of "The Old Astrologer." And those of our readers who perused a story, published by us last year, called "*Isabel Demaree,*" will be pleased to hear that we intend commencing, next week, another by the same author, which is of equal interest. It will probably run through about four weeks.—Persons intending to subscribe for the Post, will find this novelet a capital one to begin with. We shall publish, as usual, an extra quantity for new subscribers, but those who wish the story had better send on at once—as we sometimes find it difficult to supply back numbers, such is our rapidly increasing circulation.

PRIVATE INTERCOURSE.

From some instances that have recently come to our knowledge, we are forced to conclude that very many individuals who consider themselves gentlemen and ladies, do not hold in proper estimation the sacredness of private intercourse. If there is to be such a thing as private intercourse at all, it is necessary for the preservation of that degree of social freedom without which it cannot exist, that the parties to that intercourse should hold themselves severely bound not to pervert it to purposes of evil and mischief. If in the freedom of a social circle, A. has expressed to B. an opinion of C. which he would not like to *get the latter*, it is the *extreme of meanness* in *any one who was present*, to inform B. of what has been said. And meaner still is it, where only two are concerned, for either to report what took place at the conversation, as freely as if he had read it in a newspaper.

Now, several instances have come under our notice of late, in which persons have acted in direct disregard of this sacredness of private intercourse. Conversations have been reported, which may or may not have taken place, but which, if they did take place, should never have been told abroad at all, much less to the persons alluded to be most wounded thereby. The consequences of such social treachery are the lost themselves in general distrust and a relieved up hearts. For the most innocent and allowable expressions of opinion, may easily be tortured by the malicious into the foulest slanderous. Opinions dropped in the haste and carelessness of private conversation, may be publicly imputed to those whose sober judgments would repudiate them, and who, perhaps, regretted afterwards that they were expressed. Thus mischief is set on foot—friendships are severed, one man set against his neighbor, hatred takes the place of general good feeling, and the tale bearer and slanderer becomes the great moving influence of society.

And it is not among the ignorant and uncultivated only that this condition of things to a great degree obtains. Talented and cultivated (*mentally* cultivated) men and women, appear to be as much infected as any others. In fact, there is no somewhat distinguished literary circle in a neighboring city, of which, *of one intime the words of its members*, almost every man is a villain, and almost every woman a prodigate. We prefer to believe, however, that they are almost all villains.

Now, what is the remedy for the system of slander and detraction? Let every man and woman check, in the first place, an habitual irreverence for the sacredness of words spoken in private conversation, and of the social circle. And, while careful not to originate, let them also as resolutely refuse to circulate slanders. Let them, once for all, refuse to carry these live coals of the devil. Surely there is enough noble in manhood, and beautiful in womanhood, for our minds to contemplate and feed on, without battening upon the moral garbage. As we say, so shall we be treated. Every false picture and lie finally, let us choose rather to contemplate the former than the latter. Nature, also, has its malignities, its monster heaps but we do not, for the sake of investigating these, turn from the gluts of sun and its sweet-day, or even from the stars of its night.

And, moreover, let us refuse to hear the tale of the slanderer, even when we are the party that he says has been injured. Here can no put forth in the respect of one, who has broken his implied faith to another? How shall we repose confidence in him, who shows himself a friend of contention and of strife? Let us say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not of the things that be of God." Let us refuse to listen to the tale bearer's story—our characters, if worth preserving, will take care of themselves. Why should we live in a choking atmosphere of doubt and mistrust, even if others have spoken ill of us. Depend on it, we shall not often err as to who really are our true friends.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

By an advertisement on the third page of this paper, it will be perceived that George R. Graham is once more at the head of the popular magazine which bears his name. Owing to some unfortunate speculations in the Stock market, Mr. Graham was compelled, a few years ago, to part with his magazine. In the mutations of this ever changeable world, Mr. Graham is again on his feet, and prepared to make another struggle for fame and fortune. Knowing his enterprise and ability, we feel no hesitancy in assuring the public, that as soon as can be reasonably expected, a marked improvement in the general character of the contents of the magazine will take place. Those who wish to subscribe for a good magazine, and at the same time give an able, well-merit, and generous-hearted man a chance upward towards his old position, cannot do better than send on their money to *G. R. Graham, Editor, No. 124 Chestnut St., Phila.*

MRS. MILLER.

The friends of Mrs. Miller are out in a statement, appealing to the public, in all parts of the country, to assist and co-operate with them in the resuscitation of the unfortunate lady, if she be alive, to her parents and children, and pledging themselves to indemnify any officer or person who may assist them in so doing. Mrs. Miller is described as being "small in person, about four feet eight or nine inches in stature, with dark eyes and dark hair, and a complexion inclined to brunette, with a youthful look." Our readers will remember her as the lady who pretended to go over the falls at Niagara, but who is feared to have suffered even a greater and more disastrous fall than that would have been.

TASTING ROMANCE.

Our poet friend, J. Bayard Taylor, as we learn from the New York Tribune, was robbed coming home through Mexico from California. He was riding along, when an opportunity was afforded him of looking into the mysteries of those muskets. Thinking, if he proceeded, he might perhaps run against a bullet, he pulled up. The gentlemen of the road then proceeded to case him of his surplus cash, (which was not much, as he had all his funds invested in a draft on Mexico,) and various articles of clothing. They then left him tied in a ravine off the road. Mr. Taylor does not inform us how he was released, or what his musings were (whether poetical or otherwise) during his captivity —but he does tell us that he made his first appearance in the city of the Montezumas covered with dust, and clad in the "weather beaten corduroys," which were all the robbers had spared him. In relation to this part of the subject, he indulges in the following appropos reflection.—"It is a pleasant thing to have friends your own size."

Mr. Taylor thinks, notwithstanding his experience, that the difficulties and dangers of Mexican travel have been "greatly overrated." He says: "A prudent and cautious man, if curious I was not sufficiently cautious, armed with a pair of good revolvers, may travel the length and breadth of the country with little danger of being plundered. A company of five is perfectly safe anywhere. The rancheros are for the most part hospitable and generous, who would sooner do one a kindness than an injury. To the imprudence of our own countrymen, I am convinced, is to be attributed the greater part of the quarrels that have occurred." He further says:

I do not believe that a more docile or kindly-disposed people exists than the rancheros of Western Mexico. In all my intercourse with them I was treated with unvarying honesty, and with a hospitality which, in a land without taverns, *they call* nature is not as Cowper wrote it: *As he wrote it, it was then.*" upon which he laid down the book and repeated it from memory. "*I should like to know,*" he continued, "*who has had the presumption to alter Cowper's poetry. The clever will very easily find it for their criticism of the Sybil.*"

COTTON IN JAMAICA.

Some time since, we noticed a passage from an article in the "London Times," in relation to the adaptation of the soil of Jamaica to the culture of Cotton. Since then, letters have been received stating that the subject is creating quite an excitement in the British West Indies. Many persons have expressed a determination to try the experiment of raising Cotton, and in one Parish, its cultivation has been already begun. We look with some curiosity to see the result of these trials, though we have not much faith in their success. We believe the East India project is acknowledged on all hands to be a failure.

THE FASHIONS.

We have received from Messrs. S. A. & A. F. Ward, No. 62 Walnut street, Phila., one of their handsomely executed Fashion Plates, for the Spring and Summer of 1850. *See Advertisement.*

MISS KIMBERLY.—We perceive that Miss Kimberly is on her return from New Orleans. She recently read in Savannah to "a large and fashionable" audiences, and was highly commended by the "Daily Georgian," published in that city.

SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.

A Boston correspondent of the "Literary World," tells the following good anecdote:

The Rev. Dr. Bethune has been preaching and lecturing in this city during the last week or two, since he startled the congregation at the Park street church, by the administration of a reproof to those literary people, the "conquests" of whom, who are to succeed poetry what Nahum Tate was to Shakspeare. At the close of his sermon he gave out Cowper's hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

His minister reading it, stopped rather suddenly, and exclaimed, in a clear, distinct voice, "*this text stands to me as Cowper wrote it.*" *As he wrote it, it was then.*" upon which he laid down the book and repeated it from memory. "*I should like to know,*" he continued, "*who has had the presumption to alter Cowper's poetry. The clever will very easily find it for their criticism of the Sybil.*"

EMERSON.

They tell queer stories about the sayings of Ralph Waldo Emerson—some of which we have already laid before our readers. Here is another, which we find in one of our contemporaries:

When Mrs. Fanny Kemble was presided to Mr. Emerson, he inclined to her, and looked at her, for a few moments, then, relinquishing her left, third person, he stepped aside, and exclaimed breathlessly to a friend—"what a woman!"

That will do pretty well to tell—but Emerson is a genius nothwithstanding. Those who call him a mere second edition of Carlyle, do not know what they are talking about. He is equally original with Carlyle, and quite as great, if not a greater thinker. His essays are calculated to breathe a noble, self-reliant spirit into the appreciative reader. As we meditate upon his calm, great thoughts, we acquire in a degree similar calm, self-assurance, and become more self-reliant and brave. Emerson is not, we grant, strictly speaking, Christian, but he is not, on the other hand, pagan. He is a half Christian, but the man that his philosophy would make, would be a glorious stem to grail Christianity upon. Christianity, to such a man, would be the crowning virtue. Therefore we do not think Emerson's influence will be long, or very pernicious one. It wants Christian "grace," Christian resignation and humility, but it is a noble preparation for these. And we believe the world that he has fair called upon to speak, is one which, though not the deepest thinker, was needed to be spoken in this somewhat craven age.

LARGE WHEAT FIELDS.

We have received from Mr. J. G. Fox, of Lockport, Penn., the following letter:

MR. EDITOR.—In your paper of March 9d, you state that between Lagrelle and Michigan city, the road runs for ten miles through a magnificent wheat field. Without a single division fence, though owned by several individuals. This is an error—one idea you have. I have resided at Michigan city nearly a year, and it is 12 miles from Michigan city to Laporte, the road runs through Hamlet most of the way with a rail and then a wheat field, the soil is of a whitish sand, but very productive and timbered with red, and black and white oaks of a very odorous kind. Each individual Laporte can extract a wheat growing county, abounding in beautiful and rich prairies as far as the eye can reach, but the largest enclosure I know of is one section.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN G. FOX.

We are obliged to Mr. Fox for the above correction. The mistake was not ours, however.—We do not pretend to be responsible for the accuracy of either news or agricultural information, taken from other papers or from books. When we make a statement ourselves, of something profoundly within our own knowledge, we endeavor to be scrupulously correct, and if all other writers would be equally guarded, a large amount of inaccurate assertions would never find its way into print.

CANADA.

We said, week before last, in an article upon Canadian annexation, that notwithstanding Lord John Russell's declaration of the determination of the British Crown, the question was really one that depended entirely upon Canada herself to settle. We now see that the "*London Times*" says that, in case an overwhelming majority in Canada declares either for annexation or for that independence which would infallibly lead to it, "*we (the English people) have a right to ask beforehand that our own loyalty may be spared a painful appeal.* England (says the *Times*) has spent not hundred millions in the last attempt to subjugate the United States, and she will not do the like again. *If Canada chooses to run the inverted risk of ensuless separation, let her do so, if not much our concern, at least without our opposition.*" This article, following upon the heels of Lord John Russell's threat, occasioned considerable sensation in the English political circles.

THE CHOLERA.

We regret to notice that the cholera has again appeared in various places in the South-West. "Fortunately, Fortunately," should be the motto of every village, town and city in the land. Scrupulous attention should be paid to general and private cleanliness—streets should be regularly swept, decayed and decaying matter removed, sanitary remedies used, and the whole condition be placed in a condition to afford as little food for the plague as possible. We trust, if all due precaution are used, that the ravages of the disease will be slight compared to its violence last summer.

INTEREST TABLES.

We call the attention of our readers to the notice of Mr. Bechan's Interest Tables, in our advertising columns.

OUR MINISTERS ABROAD.

The Madrid correspondent of a London paper, tells a laughable story relative to Mr. Barringer, our Minister to Spain. He says that after Mr. B. had been some time in Madrid, the Spanish Prime Minister, Narvaez, considered it would be doing only the handsome thing to call upon the American Minister, and ask about the health of the President, &c. The account thus proceeds:

Now, it so happened, that neither he nor any of his attaches could speak a word of Spanish, and that none of the servants were acquainted with the person of Narvaez. When he inquired for the Minister, the negro servant who opened the door, allowed him to wait in the hall, merely informing Mr. Barringer that a Spanish gentleman was below. The ambassador, being occupied with domestic cares, paid little attention to this; but happening, some time afterwards, to look into the hall, beheld, to his dismay, the dictator twisting his mustachios, and looking any thing but pleased at the humble part he was compelled to act. Fortunately, however, the Secretary of Legation was at hand, and he was compelled to be the interpreter on the occasion.—It is a pleasant thing to have friends your own size."

Mr. Taylor thinks, notwithstanding his experience, that the difficulties and dangers of Mexican travel have been "greatly overrated." He says: "A prudent and cautious man, if curious I was not sufficiently cautious, armed with a pair of good revolvers, may travel the length and breadth of the country with little danger of being plundered. A company of five is perfectly safe anywhere. The rancheros are for the most part hospitable and generous, who would sooner do one a kindness than an injury. To the imprudence of our own countrymen, I am convinced, is to be attributed the greater part of the quarrels that have occurred." He further says:

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FOOTE AND BORLAND.

Messrs. Foote and Borland—of the Senate of the United States (whisper it not in Europe)—recently had first an altercation, and then a "set-to," in the streets of Washington. Foote accused Borland of being a mere echo of Calhoun's, whereupon Borland—forgetful of his anti-duelling principles, for which we gave him so much praise in the Post a year or two ago—struck the Senator from Mississippi "between the eyes." Borland, it is stated, has since offered an ample apology, and the parties are on friendly terms again. We are glad to hear this. The next best thing to not doing a wrong or foolish thing, is to repair the mischief as soon as possible. Perceiving the height to which the heat of discussion occasionally rises in the Senate, we have a notion to get up a revised edition of Watts's instructive songs for the use of that body, somewhat in this fashion:

Grave Senators should never let
Their angry passions rise;
Their little hands were never made
To scratch each other's eyes.

If Congress will promise to subscribe for an edition of 10,000 copies, "for the use of the members," we will proceed to the work of revision and publication immediately.

CONGRESS.

Our regular Congressional proceedings are brought up to Monday, as usual. On Monday, Mr. Badger addressed the Senate, on Mr. Clay's resolutions—expressing his deep sense of the value of the Union, and recommending conciliation and forbearance.

Mr. King interrogated Mr. Hale, as to his assertion that Mr. Buchanan had declared that "the Democracy of the North was the natural ally of Slavery." Mr. King denied that Mr. Buchanan had ever said so, as did Messrs. Davis and Cass. Mr. Hale said he was at that time unprepared to prove his assertion, but that he would do so hereafter by the documents.

In the House several speeches were made. Mr. Williams said that Mr. Calhoun's doctrines were not those of the South, and avowed his own opposition to the Nashville Convention. Mr. Disney was for leaving the people of the territories to form their own governments. Mr. Giddings said that in the matter of fugitive slaves, the Supreme Court had decided that the people and authorities of the free States could not lawfully interfere.

LITERARY NEWS, &c.

"The Scarlet Letter," a romance by Hawthorne, is nearly ready for publication—it is said that Mr. Hawthorne will devote himself henceforth entirely to literary pursuits; he is now engaged on another romance. "The Nooning," a new poem by Jas. Russell Lowell, will be published in May. Mr. Whittier's "Songs of Labor," and "The Angel World," by the author of "Festus," also will appear in May. Grace Greenwood's "Greenwood Leaves" have had a very large sale—she is preparing a new volume for the press. The Boston Indies—according to a Boston correspondent of the Literary World—are delighted with "those treasonful stanzetts, Cupid and *Sydney*"—while one of them recently asked him, if he had ever read a more affecting poem than Thomas Hood's "*Tale of the Shirt.*"

THE LONDON ICE TRADE.

The London Ice Trade is said to be a very lucrative one to those who embark in it. The ice, it is stated, was formerly imported from New England, at a cost of about ten dollars a ton,—now it is brought from Norway, at a cost of only about five dollars. C. E. Lauder, of Salem, Mass., who has been in the ice trade for many years, has gone and introduced it into general use, returned to the U. S., deeply in debt. In this country, we believe, the ice business is about like others, on the average—only more fluctuating.

THE NORTH-WEST TRIBES.

Another letter from Copway, the Indian Chief, will probably appear in our next.

Our Correspondents

ENLISTMENTS.

We have received a communication from a Recruiting Sergeant of the 4th regular, relative to a paragraph in a story published some time ago in the Post. As we always are willing to see "fair play," and as our correspondent furnishes some useful information respecting the manner in which soldiers are required by law to be enlisted into the regular service, we give his communication an insertion with pleasure.

FRANK MILLER'S ENLISTMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—In reading the Saturday Evening Post, of a few weeks since, I read, in Miss Sourwrote's story of "The Little Rough Cast House," the following paragraph relative to "Frank Miller:"

"It was in the swaggering state of his drunkenness that he was met by a Recruiting Sergeant, who, taking advantage of intoxication that he volunteered to go to Mexico. Not to lose his new recruit, the Sergeant took him of course to the Mayor's office, where the company in which he had enlisted, were quartered."

The above paragraph, Mr. Editor, is a tissue of my complaint" on this occasion; and the object of this communication is to show that Mrs. S.'s mode of enlisting soldiers is not the mode of those specially employed in this branch of the Public Service.

The mere meeting a Recruiting Sergeant, and signifying a wish to become a soldier, does not by any means constitute the applicant's enlistment. It, then, "Frank Miller" was enlisted at all, the Sergeant spoken of, must have conveyed him, "in the swaggering stage of his drunkenness," to his Commanding Officer; and meeting his approval, the officer sends him in that state to the Surgeon, to be Examining Surgeon, who certifies to his fitness in the following manner.

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above named Recruit, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and in my opinion he is free from *all bodily defects and mental infirmity*, which would, in any way, disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.

From the ordeal of the Army Surgeon he passes to "his drunkenness," to the Magistrate, who administers to him the oath—and, finally, returns to the officer, who approves and ratifies the drunken Frank's proceedings after this wise:

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Recruit, "Frank Miller," personally to his enlistment, and that he was sufficiently sober when enlisted, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have strictly observed the Regulations which govern the Recruiting Service.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the modus operandi of enlisting Recruits for the United States Army; and if our authorses seriously believes that the "Frank Miller" of her story was so enlisted—"in the swaggering stage of his drunkenness," I must, she believes what my experience teaches me—a very great mistake. I have been a General Recruiting Sergeant since April, 1847, and I can say, without the fear of contradiction, that my Commanding Officers have not enlisted, in any case, under any circumstances, any man, "in the swaggering stage of his drunkenness." Neither have they, knowingly, taken from the Wife her Husband, or from the Mother, her only Son. By inquiry and examination, you will find that the course of business pursued at the Recruiting Depot in this city, is above reproach. The present commanding officers, (Major Russell,) refuses all applicants, who admit that they are in the habit of drinking liquor as a beverage; and by a reference to the Records there kept, it will be seen that during the last twelve months, about six hundred applications for enlistment, since October 1849, to February 1850, inclusive, that two hundred and seventy-one were for habits of intemperance,—one hundred and fifty-three for being under age, and sixty-three for being married.

I feel that Mrs. Southworth, (unintentionally I hope,) in her story of the "Little Rough Cast House," has greatly added to the already accumulated weight of odium resting upon the Recruiting Service, and the originate connected with it. And to vindicate those in pure hearts and clear hands, has led me, Mr. Editor, to tax thus heavily your patience and your columns. Really yours.

A GENERAL RECRUITING SERGEANT,
U. S. A.

Notwithstanding what our correspondent, the Recruiting Sergeant, says, he cannot but admit that soldiers are occasionally discharged by our Courts during the Mexican war, on the plea that they were enlisted *while drunk*. How that was done—whether in violation of the rules of the service, or otherwise—we may perhaps learn hereafter. And this fact seems to us quite sufficient to bear out Mrs. Southworth in the substance of her assertion.

DOMINICK WARFORD.—Quite a discussion has been lately going on before the Education Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature as to the comparative merits of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, originating in an attempt on the part of the enterprising publishers of the former to establish their own knowledge standard in the schools of the Commonwealth under high legislative sanction. The advocates of each system of orthography appeared, and urged the claims of their favorite system; and the contest resulted in the recommendation of the Committee that the Board of Education should supply each School District in the State with a copy of either dictionary, as the School Committee of each town shall elect.

☞ An Inglorious Distinction of Making Cannon.—Take a long hole, and pour brass round it.

New Publications.

TO PUBLISHERS.

A number of books on hand should be noticed in our next.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The April number of Graham (now, again, truly Graham's,) contains a beautiful engraving of the "Mirror of Beauty," one of "The Sunshine of Love," a Fashion Plate, &c. In looking over the literary contents, we are glad to see the name of that noble poet, J. Russell Lowell, in his old place in Graham—he furnishes, this month, a poem called "Out of Doors." Grace Greenwood has a story, which looks very inviting, but which, at the period of writing this, we have not yet had time to read. The other contributions are by Emma C. Embury, H. K. Benner, W. P. Mulchinock, H. S. Hirst, Enna Duval, Alfred B. Street, Mrs. Kamer, &c. Geo. D. Prentiss, of the "*Louisville Journal*," contributes the following:

LINES

BY GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

The sunset's sweet and holy blush,
Is imaged in the sleeping stream.
All nature's deep and solemn hush
Is like the silence of a dream;
And peace seems brooding like a dove
Over scenes in which pain dwelt—
Sweet Mary, 't is the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou were here.

The myriad flowers of every hue
Are sinking to their evening bed,
Each with a timid drop of dew
Soft folded in its petal's fold.
The birds within you silent grove
Are dreaming that the spring is near—
Sweet Mary, 't is the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou were here.

On you white cloud the night-wind lurks
Indoors and dewy wing to sleep,
And the sweet stars look out like pearls
Through the clear waves of heaven's blue deep.
The pale maids float around, above
Like spirits of a holier sphere—
Sweet Mary, 't is the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou were here.

The pale full moon, in silent pride,
Oer you dark wood is rising now,
As lovely as when by thy side
I saw it shining on thy brow;
It lights the same old village grove
As hope's bright smile lights beauty's tear—
Sweet Mary, 't is the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou were here.

Ah! as I muse, a strange, wild thrill
Steals o'er the River of my frame—
A gentle presence seems to fill
My heart with love and life and flame;
I feel thy spirit round me move,
I know thy soul is hovering near—
Sweet Mary, 't is the hour of love,
And I am blest, for thou art here.

THE CONVICT SHIP. *By C. A. Bronsing, M. D. With a Preface by Rev. J. H. Pawles, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. Philada: Lindsay & Blakeston.* The author of this volume is a surgeon of the British Navy, who was placed in charge of some two or three hundred English convicts, during their transportation, on board the *Earl Grey*, to the penal colony of Van Diemen's Land. His work consists of an account of his successful attempt to elevate these unpromising subjects, from the state of sin and ignorance in which he found them, to the truth and light of a higher and religious sphere. At their debarkation, nearly all the prisoners could read, and upwards of one hundred gave hopeful evidence of a change of heart, which their after conduct did not belie. The surgeon, to whom we are indebted for the Earl Grey, I received when last at Hobart Town, after they had been two years and a half in the colony, the most pleasing reports." The testimony of this volume in the power of brotherly love and Christian truth to reform the most degraded, is extremely comforting and valuable one. From a letter furnished by one of the convicts, a most efficient helper of Mr. Browning in his good work, we take the following, which we commend to the attention of those who "would never save a man or a boy softened and improved by flogging, or other harsh measures. A very wise man once said, you know, (and he spoke by the Spirit,) 'Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him;' and so it is with flogging: it only renders the feelings more callous, and the effects on the minds of others are any thing but salutary."—*Punch.*

☞ "I'm afraid that you do not practice much self-denial," said a parson to a pretty Miss in Newport.

"Nay, but I do," said she, "for every day I fall in with pretty young men whom I want to kiss most sadly; but I deny myself that pleasure."

☞ From the rising to the setting of the sun each day, *forty-two thousand* souls are summoned to the grave.

☞ CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Senate of Ohio, on the 8th inst., the bill to abolish capital punishment was ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 26 to 10.

SERMON of old the Church has made a saint,
Chosen on high pillars he did live and die.
Over scenes in which pain dwelt—
With all his sanctity, he—*dined too high!*

☞ "Here's your money, doll. Now, you intolerable jackass, tell me why your scoundrelly master wrote me eighteen letters about that little, contemptible sum?" said an expectant debtor.

"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were bekase seventeen letters didn't fetch the chaese."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ Hear Napoleon Bonaparte upon *Long Noses*. "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together."

Keep in the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven is Mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years—
The only love which, on this teeming earth,
Is pure from selfishness's wizard birth.

☞ There is nothing like kindness; it sweetens every thing. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than wealth, wit and learning. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

☞ According to "Hammond's Newspaper list for 1850," there are in Great Britain and Ireland and the British Islands 547 newspapers, of which 213 are liberal, 174 conservative, and 157 neutral.

☞ It is related of a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church "away down east," that being on a visit to a neighboring town; one of the brethren asked him the society to which he was then and was getting on. "Oh pretty well," said he: "but just at present our precise elder and circus preachers are absent, and we have to get along with lesser-preacher and exhausters!"—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A Watchful Jury.—A court was greatly amused at Charleston, S. C., the other day, by the assembling, one after another, of a *fat jury*. The respective weights of fifteen of the jurors were ascertained, and the aggregate was 3,354 lbs., an average of 223 9-15ths—the minimum being 200, and the maximum 290 lbs.

☞ We read in a Sheffield paper that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." The same may be said of human cutlery; that "the last polish to a young blade is given by his mixing with female society."—*Punch.*

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☞ In the natural history of insects, the grub turns into a butterfly; but it often occurs in the natural history of man, that the butterfly turns into a grub.

☞ A minister, having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gent

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA MEMORIAL.

It will be seen by our Congressional report, that a Memorial from the California delegation—both Senators and Representatives—has been presented to Congress. Thinking it would be interesting to our readers, we lay the following summary of the Memorial before them:

The memorialists lay before Congress certified copies of the Constitution of California, together with their credentials, and they request, in the name of the people of their State, her admission into the Union. They express "deep astonishment and sincere regret at having learned, since their arrival in Washington, of the existence of an organized, respectable, and talented opposition to the admission of the new State." They add:

"This opposition it is so unexpected, so important in numbers and ability, and so decided in its sectional character, that they feel they should do injustice to their constituents, to the cause of good government, and to the progressive advance of freedom and civilization, did they not at least attempt to answer the many arguments urged against the admission of California."

Then follows, at length, a history of the territory and of the organization of a State. As regards slavery, the memorial says:

"Many misapprehension appears to have obtained in the Atlantic States relative to the question of slavery in California. The undersigned have no hesitancy in saying that the provision in the Constitution excluding that institution meets with the almost unanimous approval of that people. Unanimity is believed to result not so much from the prejudices against the system which are quite general in the Northern portion of the United States, as from a universal conviction that in no portion of California is the climate and soil of a character adapted to slave labor. Since the discovery of the mines, the feeling in opposition to the introduction of slavery is believed to have become, if possible, more unanimous than heretofore. The relation of master and slave has never existed in the country, and is there generally believed to be prohibited by Mexican law; consequently the original California population is utterly opposed to it. Slavery is a question little discussed in California, so settled appears the public mind relative thereto. Public meetings have scarcely ever considered it. The opinion put forward that the decision of the question had been forestalled, has no foundation in fact. And no more conclusive proof of this can be found than the simple facts that fifteen out of the forty-eight members composing the Convention which unanimously inserted the prohibitory clause in the Constitution, were from slaveholding States, while twelve were Californians proper, and twenty-one Northern men. Further than this, there is no doubt that two-fifths of those who voted in favor of the Constitution were recent emigrants from slave-holding States, while it is known that many of the votes given against the Constitution were so given in consequence of the tenure of the messengers to distribute the printed copies in several mining localities. Under these circumstances, the Convention, though some 'conversation' ensued upon a proposition to submit the provision to the people for a separate vote, as was suggested by Northern men and did not prevail.

The memorialists lay down the following as their

1. That a Territorial government, under the plenary power of Congress, would, to say the least, be marring the independence of a people who are fitted to engage, prevent the development of its resources, and impede its general advancement; and, therefore, is a species of despotism, differing only in degree, either to the government or governed.

2. That the wonderful increase of the country in population, wealth, and consequently in commercial, social and political importance, renders imperatively necessary the admission of a new State, or that the people be reduced to a state of vassalage and be governed by a State Legislature and enslaved by a State Government.

3. That the neglect and oppression of the United States Government in refusing California to form a State Government, if she desired to avoid civil strife and anarchy.

And 4. That the people of that country did not adopt such form of government in obedience to the orders from the Executive here, through Governor Riley, but that they voluntarily actively took the initiative in the movement, and only concurred in it on suggestion of the Executive, as a matter of convenience, in the same time, and with a patriotic resolution to merge all minor differences of opinion in one unanimous effort to avert impending civil and sectional strife.

As regards the boundaries of the State, the memorial says that "from every source it is clear that no compromise, the debates on the subject in the Constitutional Convention having been of a very angry character, can be effected which will give to the State the area of the State, 155,000 square miles, seems very large, yet one-half of it is mountain, and another fourth is desert, which doesn't waste, so that only one-fourth is available for agricultural purposes, that is, 38,500 square miles, which is about the average acreage of arable and productive land. This estimate is fully borne out by the topographical surveys of the country. The boundaries are to avoid annexation, they do not hesitate to assert that because the Territory of New Mexico is to go and get independent of California, will never be made the subject of cultivation, or useful to man. This would give a State of 38,500 square miles, which is not half the area of the State of Illinois

Selected Poetry.

A SERENADE.

Extracted from "Galileo Galilei," a tragedy, by Dr. Brown, recently published, and highly commended in a London critical journal.

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen,"
Fancy, loving, but severe
Eyes like planets, planets though
Shedding light and lovelit glow
O'er the dark yet sober star,
Whence they never can stir.

Sweetest lips two lips could kiss,
Tender, fragrant, spelling bliss
On the lips that dare to sip
Lovers never from them, lip to lip
Lips murmuring and murmured,
Ever are set glad and blest.

Smoothest cheek for cheek to touch,
Peachy, glowing, young, and such
Pure might have emvied me
Helen's cheek could never be
Fonder on the heights of Troy,
She a woman, he a boy.

Fairest head was ever made,
Never tale spun such a shade;
Shapely, delicate and small,
Knowing little, feeling all
All its thoughts are mine and love's,
Lovesful as a turtle-dove's.

Prettiest throat that ever sung,
Singing silvery Love a young
Young, flexible, and round,
Living well of gladsome sound,
Running over with delight,
For the sake of listen right.

Softest bosom ever pressed
To a lover's happy breast
Breathing, dewy, lilied peace,
Let me soothe there my face
Softly, fragrant, blissful home,
Never from this nest I'll roam.

Paintiest form. Love ever folded,
(Let me sing it and be scolded,)
Soft and warm from top to toe —
Do not shut thy sweet eyes so;
Sweetest eyes were ever seen,
Fancy, loving, and severe!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

"A song for our banner"—The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station
"United we stand—divided we fall"—
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of the Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in His Infinite Wisdom designed,
And armed with Republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder:
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!

Home Journal.

Selected Articles.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

The New York Evening Post, in commenting upon the "Rochester Knockings," lays before its readers the following kindred instances of imposture from the history of the past

In 1726, a woman named Mary Tofts, living at Godalming, in the County of Surrey, England, was a healthy constitution, small size, fair complexion, sullen temper, unable to read or write," confessed to her female friends with much reluctance, that she was constantly giving birth to rabbits. The story began to spread, and was so well confirmed by more than 15 attested the affection, that only of the neighbors, but of the medical faculty at a distance. *Of course*, precisely as in the case of the Rochester ghosts, the truth of her assertion being admitted readily, the great puzzle was to explain the cause of this "monstrous" deviation from the laws of Nature." The woman herself could not explain them, except by stating that being in a delicate situation, she had seen some rabbits in a field, and tried in vain to catch them. Another woman who was present, and was imposed upon without collusion in the fair, testified that she had—what? charged Mary Tofts with longing for the aforesaid rabbits. Mary also admitted that she had dreamed about rabbits, and so, this unfortunate tendency had come upon her.

Strange as this story was, it was fully believed, and when a highly respectable physician, Mr. Howard, of thirty years experience, was called in to assist her during these strange deliveries, and certified that in the course of one month, he had acted as accoucher to thirty rabbits, the sceptical began to yield their opposition, and the believers increased rapidly in numbers. So great a nonsense did the circumstances create, that George I. became personally interested in the inquiry, and sent his own surgeon, Dr. Ahlers, to inquire into the subject. The doctor made a personal examination of the case, became satisfied of the truth of the extraordinary reports, and went back to London, not only convinced himself, but with the intention of obtaining a present for their keeper Mary. The King then sent Dr. St. Andre, his surgeon and anatomist, also to investigate the affair. He too returned thoroughly convinced. He even carried back with him some of the very rabbits, which were duly dissected before His Majesty, and found to be rabbits and nothing else. An official account was then published by him, and of course it produced a very high state of excitement in the public mind. A controversy arose between the believers and the unbelievers, and the celebrated Winston wrote a pamphlet, asserting that the miracle was in strict accordance with the prophecy of Isaiah. On the other hand, Hogarth attacked the friends of Mary Tofts, most effectively, in several caricatures. Still the delusion sped, for with such effect, that few persons would any longer eat rabbits, from a feeling of disgust. The rents of rabbit warrens fell to nothing. In short, there was a general impression of the truth of the story, when the then Princess of Wales took the matter in hand. Mary was brought up to London and closely watched by Sir Richard Manningham, an eminent physician, and even he came very near being imposed upon, until he proposed a very dangerous operation, in order to relieve the sufferer. This alarmed her so much that she confessed the trick, explained how it was carried on, and named the party who supplied her with rabbits. She also confessed that she had expected to get assistance from the public, as that she would not be obliged to work for a living. Mary was committed to Tothillfield Bridewell for a short time, and rabbits continued to breed in the usual manner.

THE COCKLANE GHOST.

In 1762, the Cocklane ghost made its appearance in London. At the house of a Mr. Parsons, the pious parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's, alarming knockings and scratchings were heard by his daughter, an infirm child, only twelve years of age. On being closely questioned, she admitted that she had not only heard these noises, but had seen the apparition of a Mrs. Kent, formerly a lodger in the house, reported to have died of the small pox after she had left it, but believed to have been murdered. The rumor spread like wild-fire, and as it is always the credulous who first assemble to witness the supernatural, crowds of believers gathered at the Parish Clerk's. The knockings and scratchings became more violent. As the number of believers increased. A clergyman was selected among others to sit at the bedside of Miss Parsons, to converse with or exercise the ghost, as the case might be. He informed the ghost, in a loud voice, that its answer if in the affirmative, should be indicated by one knock, and, if in the negative, by two knocks. The arrangement being concluded, the ghost was asked if it was the spirit of the murdered Mary Kent, and it answered with one knock. The excitement the public anxiety, and directly she was removed from her home, to several houses in succession, and attended night after night, by watchers and committees embracing all the learned professions, and a number to indeed. The knockings continued, no one could account for them, and the faithful acted. If there is no imposture, explain how these knockings are made! Even Dr. Johnson, became a champion of the ghost. The sequel of the affair is thus described by the historian.

"At length, as being pressed to give some proof of its veracity, the ghost consented to attend one of the gentlemen into the vault where the body was buried, and manifest its presence by a knock upon the coffin.

"The appointed hour arrived. The spirit was very seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at once, went into the vault. The gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with one more, into the vault. The spirit was solemnly requested to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accosted by the ghost, then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they exam ined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father."

"The want of punctuality in the ghost gave a fatal blow to its reputation. Even the most believed of the believers were staggered by it. A flimsy attempt was, therefore, made to restore the ghost's credit, by asserting that the coffin and corpse had been removed, which, of course, had prevented the spirit from giving the signal; but, on examination, they were found to be safe in the vault. Stricter precautions were now taken to guard against deception being practised by the girl; her bed was slung like a hammock, in the middle of the room, and she was closely watched. Driven to her last shifts, she contrived to secrete —but not unseen—a bit of board previously to her being put to bed, and having, as she thought, secured the necessary materials for carrying on the trick, she ventured to declare that she would bring the ghost at six the next morning. In the morning she accordingly began to make the accustomed sounds, and, on being asked if she had in the bed any wood to strike upon, she positively denied the fact. The bed-clothes were then opened, the board was found, and this simple process annihilated the Cocklane Ghost.

"Mr. Kent, the accused person, had, in the meanwhile, proved his innocence, by certificates from the physician and apothecary who attended upon the deceased female. The base attack upon his character appears to have been prompted by revenge. While lodging with Parsons, he had lent him some money, which, after much forbearance, he was compelled to recover by a suit at law. The malignant defender, however, did not escape punishment; he, with others who had lent themselves to his imposture, being ultimately brought to trial, and found guilty of a conspiracy."

It is a curious circumstance, that the mysterious noises heard at the house of Mr. Fox, in Arcadia, (part and parcel of the knockings at Rochester,) were of a similar character. They established, if any thing, the murder of a pedlar some years ago, and the burial of his body in the cellar of that house. The believers began to dig for the bones, but, having worked for a few minutes, gave up the search, relying on the verity of the ghost's statements, rather than on the demonstration of the pick-axe. The questions asked, were asked by persons who, for years before, had suspected a certain party of having committed the crime, as that party was compelled to get his neighbors to certify that he had always borne the character of an honest man. He fell into suspicion, because an old maid found his wife altering two coats for him, which she refused to account for to the inquirer's satisfaction!

OLD TUNES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There is something in the spirit of "olden tunes" that haunt our hearts with sacred witchery. Be it in mirth, or be it in melancholy, there is nothing operates so intensely on our nature as the melodies long familiar to us. Our feet never suffer so much from imposed restraint when a modern waltz or fashionable polka is played, as when "The Campbells are Comin," "Haste to the Wedding," is struck up with tantalizing brilliancy. We feel no thickness in the throat over the sentiment of "Casta Diva," as we do while the simple pathos of "John Anderson my Jo," or "Poor Mary Anne," arrests our bosom. Yes! Goth like as it may appear, we confess our passion for all the ancient, vulgar, common-place tunes extant, be they English, Irish, or Scotch.

We believe we could dance with the gout to "St. Patrick's Day," and sing with the toothache to "We won't go home till morning!" were the clan raised around us. As for "Rey's Wife," despite of her celebrity for jilting, we are ever ready to be off with her on her slightest whisper; and "We're a Noddin" has kept us out of our bed many an extra ten minutes, when some "little" or "big warbler" has volunteered it just as the chamber candles were lighted.

When have we tripped so joyously through the "festive maze," as in the free and easy time of "Christmas jollity" after supper, when young and old, grave and gay, are enlisted "sides and sides" ready to "hands cross, down the middle, and up again," while "Katty O'Lynch," the "Young May Moon," or "Speed the Plough," was inspiring our ecstatic antics; and then, shall we reveal our foolish emotions at pleasing sympathy awakened by the "Robin Redbreast," or "Savourneen Deelish," when a dreamy dimness has gathered before our eyes, until the very blaze of the cheerful fire has lost its distinctive form, and we have seen nothing but the poor starving little bird shivering in the snow storm, and the exiled wanderer in his mournful solitude. Oh, we do love these old tunes and ditties, and hope we ever shall love them; and how many more are there in this hare-grinding world, who snatch glimpses of happiness from their sanctified memories. How the infirm of the poor will cluster round some ragged servitor of Apollo, who scrapes away at one of those "vulgar tunes," and how they involuntarily assume attitudes and steps of most astonished though grotesque arrangement. These steps always appear to us the identical ones mentioned so often by philosophers, as being between the sublime and the ridiculous, yet we scarcely dare to smile at the approach of ignorance to the altar of Spurious Beauty, untouch as the universe may be. Let the shuffle and twist, and slide and jump, in their own unrivalled way, it is an opportunity for their getting higher to God through the medium of an "old tune."

And what would the mother do without these "old tunes?" Would her infant to rest, or amuse it into cheering joy? Who ever heard a mother attempt to sooth her young one with a scientific measure, or a ballad from the last opera? Why, the thing is not to be imagined! No, it is the "old tune," the quaint and sacred old air, mistress of common melody, that are naturally uppermost on the nursery tongue, and pass from generation to generation, with undiminished charms.

We once tried to get a refractory infant to sleep under the influence of the polacca in "I Puritani." We labored unceasingly for one long hour, and seemed as high gaining our point as ever. The imp was still grizzling and crowing; and stretching and kicking, with the most unequivocal signs of being "wide awake," and we found we were rocking the stone of Sisyphus. We betook ourselves to "Auld Lang Syne," the kicking subsided, the grizzling died away in a confused murmur, between a faint snore and a deep sigh, and in ten minutes the young rebel was as fast as a social caricature. Still the delusion sped, for with such effect, that few persons would any longer eat rabbits, from a feeling of disgust. The rents of rabbit warrens fell to nothing. In short, there was a general impression of the truth of the story, when the then Princess of Wales took the matter in hand. Mary was brought up to London and closely watched by Sir Richard Manningham, an eminent physician, and even he came very near being imposed upon, until he proposed a very dangerous operation, in order to relieve the sufferer. This alarmed her so much that she confessed the trick, explained how it was carried on, and named the party who supplied her with rabbits. She also confessed that she had expected to get assistance from the public, as that she would not be obliged to work for a living. Mary was committed to Tothillfield Bridewell for a short time, and rabbits continued to breed in the usual manner.

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INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH PLACES.

We find the following melancholy list of the triumphs of intemperance among politicians, uncredited, in one of our exchanges:

Our list of drunken statesmen is more formidable than that of our intemperate clergymen; for men who serve at the altar of their God, are expected to be more free from the immoralities of life, than the leaders of parties.

In the House of Representatives at Washington, we have seen a member from New Hampshire hanging for hours across his writing-desk, like a bag of sand, who, when roused from his lethargy, would sometimes gain the floor, and, from his powers of mind and utterance, command the attention of all. The lobbies of the House brought the uncertainties of his moral character to ripeness and rottenness; so that his constituents failed to re-elect him to Congress, and he soon after died of *mania-a-potu*.

Who has not seen the tall, drunken member from New York, a native on the floor? In the Legislature of New York, and on the floor of Congress, he was long known, and every where acknowledged as a leading politician of strong mind; but, by his pernicious habit, he went down to old age, a victim to intemperance.

The notorious drunkenness and horrid death of Felix Grundy McConnell, render it almost superfluous to name him, except as a warning to the coming generation. After he had reduced himself to a skeleton by dissipation, in a fit of *mania-a-potu*, he finished the work of death with his penknife.

The Secretary of War, during a part of Mr. Madison's Presidency, and several of the "Cranberry Generals," as they were familiarly called, under him, were frequently seen in a state of intoxication.

A statesman from Georgia, who once held a place in our National Cabinet, and who was a candidate for the Presidential chair, had the same fault to such an extent, that he could not write his name.

A Senator to Congress, from New York, who had been Governor of the Empire State, who died suddenly, was accustomed to drink in Washington two pints of brandy in his per diem allowance—and yet he had such strong intellectual and bodily powers, that he could speak rationally and walk straight, when his face was like the sun turned to blood.

Another gentleman, who had been Governor of the State of New York, of most amiable manners and generally beloved, while Vice President of the United States, was so often intoxicated that he disgraced himself and the Senate, while presiding over that august body. During several sessions of Congress, he was absent for most of the time, while a President pro tempore occupied his seat in the Capitol. He died prematurely from inebriation.

Three of the Senators in Congress, from Pennsylvania, we know to have been drunkards. One of them had been the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth; and another of them anticipated the nomination of party to that high office, but failing in the election, he died a victim to alcohol. A third still lives, and has been seen by the boys to crawl like a tortoise from the back and the curbstone to the door of his boarding-house, while the young urchins exclaimed:—"There's a drunken Senator from Pennsylvania." He is surely a beast, that's a slender comparison and a half-tipsy coachman could not sustain him on his feet, while moving over the breadth of a side pavement.

We have heard a distinguished Senator say, on Capitol Hill, that he never introduced a measure until he had resolved on it twice, once when drunken, and once when sober.

One who very ably filled the Vice President's chair, in the Senate, not long since, and who was esteemed jurist, but accomplished scholar, the friend of humanity, and the decided defender of Christianity, fell a victim, in the prime of life, to the free use of intoxicating beverages.

We have heard the silly declamation of a noble general on the floor of the Senate; and when the Senate was convulsed by the Senator from Indiana to take his seat," we saw him fall flat, at his full length, on the floor, because he was too much beside himself with strong drink, to find his large elbow chair. About two years after this, he died of the fashionable mania, and of was buried with all the due Congressional solemnities, not far from the Senate chamber, in which he most inglorously "took the flour."

Truth might also tell us of the electioneering orgies of a Senator from Missouri, who went drunk at nearly every place of public speaking to which he betook himself; and having been elected, continued his potations, until he placed the trigger of a gun to his toe, and the muzzle to his forehead, and blew his brains out, before his political career was fairly closed.

The above list might be swelled with distinguished living examples, who will be used unless they reform, after they are dead, to also "point a moral." *Let them reform upon this.*

When intemperance has thus annihilated all classes of people in the community, from the lowest to the highest, is it incredible that 30,000 of the American people should have died annually from the poisonous effects of alcohol!

ANECDOTE OF GEN. ARNOLD.

The following anecdote of Arnold, was communicated to Col. Stone, for his "Life of Brant," by the late Gen. Morgan Lewis:

"During the Canada campaign, during the winter of 1775-6, while Arnold and many of the officers were quartered in Albany some difficulty occurred between him and Col. Brown, who subsequently fell at the storming called Fort Patrick Henry, and which led to a challenge. The parties met on the ice, although I considered through America as the most unjustifiable act of accident, of wantonness, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the mainland; and I trusted in her for ten long years—ten long years. I can assure you."

"Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?"

"I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China."

"How did you like the China trade?"

"I liked it very well. . . . was only in it about five years. After that I quit and went to the Baltic. I was seven years in it; but I tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put above sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a perfect skeleton, and I started for Jamaica, and got a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows up for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I would be off to sea again."

"Was that before you were captain of the old Clinker?"

"No, it was not till some time after. I was on board a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other, the press-gang got scent of me; a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me; but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his Majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, 'The sooner we part company the better, old fellow.' So I ran away; it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me, so I shaved myself entirely into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way."

"But, while lastening in silence, put down, on board of man-of-war, seven years."

"Then that's two good hitches all right!"

"Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had; the ice was full of holes, and they are as cunning as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows who'd been fuddled maybe the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute."

"How long were you in the Greenland trade?"

"I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman and traded to the East Indies for a spell."

"How long do you suppose?"

"About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and the most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by pretending to be one with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were very kind to me, and I stayed; I was a little young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. At last an English ship put in there to get water, and I gave them over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me."

"Did you get home in the night and flight?"

"All right and tight both."

"Then I suppose you would not be up any time at home?"

"I didn't lie up at all. When I got home, I found my father gone to America, and the old thing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship and off I went; but I saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for seven years seeking him. I loved a life of wandering